



FRIEND AND ENEMY.

My friend was perfect in my sight
And all he did was done aright;
I saw in him no flaw or blot.
When men assailed him I was hot
His dear perfection to defend,
Because he was my trusted friend.

My enemy was wholly bad,
I saw each weakness that he had.
I wondered what men saw to praise
And heard approval with amazement.
No worth or goodness I could see,
Because he was my mine enemy.

Yet I was wrong, for after all
In him I thought was wholly small
I've found so many greatnesses,
I've found so much of littleness
In him who had my perfect trust
That this has made my judgments just.

And now with keener eyes I see
That neither friend nor enemy
Is wholly good or wholly ill,
For both are men and human still.
In both is much the years shall prove.
That we should hate—but more to love.
—Maurice Smiley, in Leslie's Monthly.

Little France

A ROMANCE OF THE DAYS WHEN
"THE GREAT LORD HAWKE" WAS
KING OF THE SEA

BY
CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY
Author of "Commodore Paul Jones,"
"Reuben James," "For the Freedom
of the Sea," etc.

Copyright, 1901, by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

CHAPTER XX.—CONTINUED.

"This nothing," he murmured, "you would have done as much for me, for any man. You put too much value—" "Mademoiselle Anne," cried Josette, entering the room in great agitation, "a messenger from the Monsieur de Ramesay!" Anne took the paper and tore it open.

"A summons, gentlemen!" she said, "the governor requires me and my servants to attend him at once at the Chateau St. Louis. He thinks we will be safer with him. He knows of your presence, Monsieur de Vitre, for she says you will escort us."

Anne was glad to have the scene over. The emotions of the last few moments had been almost too much for her. As Josette brought her hat and wrap she turned to Grafton, extending her hand.

"Farewell, monsieur!" she said. "This not good-bye, Mademoiselle de Rohan!" cried Grafton, seizing her hand, "I shall see you again!"

"I shall always be glad to see you, monsieur," she answered simply, biting her lip to control its quivering. "Come, Monsieur de Vitre."

"My friend," said de Vitre, ere he followed her from the room, "have no anxiety. I will see that some one comes to you at once."

"But Mademoiselle de Rohan?" cried Grafton.

"I will take care of her, monsieur," returned the Frenchman meaningly. "Remember, 'tis my right."

In one sense de Vitre was as good as his word, for the room was soon filled with English officers, who welcomed Grafton as one risen from the dead. They had given him over for lost at last, not having heard from him, and he had the pleasure later on of reading his own obituary in the general orders commending his conduct on the debarkation of the troops, which had been published by the vice admiral.

Several days passed without his seeing or hearing anything from Anne de Rohan in spite of his inquiries, days filled with the most consuming anxiety. Yet he had endeavored to be patient, having set himself resolutely to get well, and had made much progress in recovering from his wounds. He realized that he could not afford to lose any time in the fight for Anne. On the fourth day a note was put into his hand:

"Philip, my Philip," it read, "my knight, my love, I am calling you so for the last time. When you read this I shall be far down the river on board a ship for France. With the first of the refugees I was permitted to go, and—forgive me, my own—I could not trust myself to see you again. I will not deny—indeed, how can I?—that I have loved you with a love that more than matches your own. Yet you wear one woman's picture over your heart, dear, and I humiliate myself by sending you this counterfeit presentment of another. Alas, 'tis all of me that you may ever have! Look upon it, monsieur as you have loved me in spite of the other and then break it, and—forget me. Farewell!"

"ANNE."

In a little diamond-studded, heart-shaped locket, which he had often seen on her breast, there was a cunning miniature of the woman he loved. He pressed it to his lips and then slipped it and the letter in a pocket near his heart. Then, with the assistance of the English sailor who had been detailed to wait upon him, he made ready to leave.

He looked long and earnestly about the room, hallowed by their meeting, filled with blessed associations of her presence, ere he crossed the threshold, for he did not intend to return.

He was informed by Gen. Townsend, then in the patched-up Chateau St. Louis, when he reported to him, that three days since, the first shipload of fugitives who had chosen to leave Canada rather than remain under the rule of the English, had departed. Among them was Mademoiselle de Rohan and her servants.

"Who commanded the cartel?" asked Grafton.

"A Canadian officer, who was to be exchanged in Europe."

"And his name, Gen. Townsend?"

"Lieut. Denis de Vitre, he is called, I believe," answered the young English general, looking curiously at him. "By the way, I have a paper for you. You are gazetted to the command of the frigate Maidstone, and you are to carry dispatches to Sir Edward Hawke. Vice Admiral Saunders also recommends you to be given command of the first ship of the line vacant, for your distinguished services here. I congratulate you, captain," added the general, handing him the paper.

"When does the Maidstone sail, sir?"

"As soon as you are able to take her, I believe. She has been provisioned for her voyage and lies in the basin. She will be the first of the English ships to get to sea. Another fast frigate will be sent to Europe with dispatches, but Admiral Saunders thinks it is of the utmost importance that Hawke, who is blockading Brest, as you know, should be informed of the fall of Quebec; and you are to tell him that Saunders will join him at the earliest possible date, and with the combined fleets they may have a chance to crush the French under Conflans. I suppose you will start in a day or two?"

"I start now, at once, general."

"But your wound?"

"This nothing any longer. A breath of sea air will set me up again. By the way, where was the cartel, commanded by Monsieur de Vitre, bound for?"

"For Brest. He is to be exchanged there and the refugees landed."

"Ah! And his ship, general?—Was it a speedy one, do you know?"

"This said he selected the speediest Frenchman in the basin."

"And the Maidstone—do you know anything of her qualities?"

"The vice admiral told me that he had chosen the fastest ship in the fleet for you, so you may have a chance of overhauling her, if you care to, although they have three days' start. Well, I wish you bon voyage, captain. You will, of course, report to Vice Admiral Saunders before you leave. Good-bye."

"I wonder what he's up to?" thought the general, as Grafton saluted, turned on his heel, and hurriedly left the room.

CHAPTER XX.

WET SHEETS AND FLOWING SEAS.

A GRAY sky and an angry sea.

A solitary ship in the waste of waters, staggering along in a roaring gale from the west; every rag of canvas that could safely be spread—ay, and even more—urging her forward before the fierce wind; driving her madly through the tossing waves. A lonely, restless man upon her deck passing the long weary hours on the fore-castle



"WITH ALL MY HEART"

looking eagerly ahead, ever ahead; turning like a devotee his face to the east, pointing his vessel toward the rising sun; though driven aside by the happenings of the sea, returning to his goal with the accuracy and the persistence with which the polar needle swings toward its star.

A sailor watching with eagle glance every weather indication, crowding the canvas on the ship until the masts groaned and shivered like mountain-prisoned Titans under the tremendous pressure; the iron-taut braces and stays, the nerves of the ship, trembled like smitten harp-strings under the mighty pull of the mad tempests of bleak November. Neglecting no seamanship precaution, losing no point of advantage, the little ship was driven on, for if skill were at the helm love floated before the prow.

Such the picture! And its complement?

Some 200 leagues ahead of the frigate, with the man on the knight-heads peering fruitlessly across the dark expanse of tossing water, another vessel, driven in like manner, steadily pursued its course for the same destination. As if conscious of the unwearied, indomitable pursuit, she, too, made her way onward madly, recklessly, crossing the great deep.

Skill and seamanship of the highest type were at her service as well. A willingness to drive was there in almost as great a measure, for this ship was homeward bound. When she dropped anchor in the waters of France, those aboard of her, now held prisoner by the heavy-linked chain of honor, would be free.

And a woman hung over the quarter of the second ship listening indifferently to words of sweetness, responding not at all to passionate pleadings that fell upon her ear; a woman, turning her eyes back toward the west, gazing upon the setting sun that had carried down to darkness with it her maiden heart; a woman marking the

long white wake of the ship, her sadness growing greater, her regret deepening, deepening with each swiftly passing league.

And yet the lonely woman on the quarter-deck with the infrequent sunlight losing itself in her midnight hair, with her violet eyes staring backward, backward, backward, from out a pale face whose whiteness matched the foaming wave, was drawing on as surely and irresistibly as the loadstone the needle, the eager man upon the other ship.

"I think there can be no doubt of our observations, captain. You see we have had a double check on them by working them out independently."

"Yes, we have made no mistake. I am sure, and get there are always happenings for which allowance must be made; things that no mind, no instrument, can check on the sea."

"True, sir; but it has all been plain sailing so far, and the way you have watched and handled this frigate has been a marvel to me, and I have sailed in many ships."

"Thank you. But I have an object in it all."

"Of course, the dispatches to Sir Edward Hawke."

"Yes, that of course. Do you know, Hatfield, I haven't told you before, and it isn't a thing that a man likes to talk about, any way, but I've got to tell you now, I suppose. Well, the fact is—that cartel, you know, the one I've been trying to overhail?"

There is a lady—a Frenchwoman on board of her—and you see—I met her five years ago when a prisoner in France and again in Canada—and—

"I see, sir," answered Hatfield wisely, filling in his superior's lame and halting conclusion by the aid of his own imagination, "and you would see her again? I quite understand."

Grafton, whose face had flushed deeply while he made his executive officer the recipient of these strange confidences, was greatly relieved at his ready comprehension.

"Yes, that's it," he answered, grateful for his lieutenant's tact. "And I mean to see her once more, by heaven, if I have to go into Brest to do it!"

"All right, sir, I'm with you in anything. And if I know our bullics forward, they'd like nothing better than a dash at a Frenchman, for a ship, a woman, or a—"

"That will do, Hatfield," remarked Grafton, with a slight touch of sternness. "I hardly contemplate calling upon the men for any cutting-out expedition in this emergency, though I may want your help, my friend," he added, softening the severity of his rebuke by his last words.

The friendship begun years since between the two men had ripened into intimacy—although Hatfield was much the junior in years as well as rank to Grafton—and the footing between them when not on formal service was one of hearty affection and familiar intimacy. This was an unusual relationship between the captain and first lieutenant of a frigate, yet the younger man never presumed upon it, and the older man never condescended on account of it, and no mischance had arisen.

"And you shall have it, Capt. Grafton," replied the younger man, impulsively. "Might I, without presumption, ask the lady's name?"

"De Rohan," answered Grafton. "The Countess de Rohan, the granddaughter of the Marquis de Chabot-Rohan, in whose castle I was confined five years ago. I met her then as a little girl, and as luck, nay, Providence, would have it, I fell into her hands again in Canada, when I was wounded and captured, you know."

"It seems to me you have a happy knack of falling into the hands of pretty ladies as a prisoner."

"Yes, haven't I?" assented Grafton, smiling faintly.

"I wish some such luck would come to me, then."

"Don't wish it at all, my young friend, 'tis a dangerous situation to be in."

"Have you found it so?"

"Yes, I'm a prisoner forever."

"Gad, there are worse fates! But are you engaged to the lady, captain? Don't answer me if I ask an impertinent question, but if I am to help you, I should like to know something."

"Well, er—no, not exactly, in fact, not at all. She is betrothed to Lieut. Denis de Vitre, of the French navy."

"Oh, to him!" exclaimed Hatfield, who was familiar with the public history of de Vitre's exploits in Canada.

"Yes."

"And is she—er—in love with him?"

"No."

"Well, is she—ah—"

"Yes, with me."

"And can't you get her to break her engagement?"

"I don't know, I think not. That isn't all. Of course the old marquis, her grandfather and only relative, is to be considered, and he will probably have chosen some one in France for her."

"That is a complication, indeed."

"Yes, isn't it? But it seems to me that the more people there are in the game the better chance for me. You see, so long as she—ah—loves me, I seem to hold the winning card."

"Of course, but what do you propose to do?"

"I'm not sure. I shall deliver the dispatches to Sir Edward, and then I think I shall ask permission to go ashore. You see, I know the lay of the land thoroughly, and I am familiar with the old castle where she lives, the Chateau de Josselin, 'tis called. It lies on the shore off the mouth of the harbor entrance. There is a way into it that no one knows but the lady, and I think—"

"Why do you hesitate?"

"Well, I saved the man's life, and his honor too—de Vitre's, you know—and I hardly like to steal his betrothed bride; you see, he could not very well

resent it if I did—er—gratitude. I feel the obligation I have conferred—"

"Nonsense! Forgive my frankness, you've done enough for him already. You gave him life, honor, let him be satisfied with that. Take love for yourself, captain."

"I think I will, Hatfield, and so—"

"In short, you mean to carry her off, do you?"

"Yes, that's about it."

"Cutting out a woman, eh, rather than a ship?"

"Yes. Now that you know the situation, what say you? Will you join me?"

"With all my heart!" cried the younger man, his eyes dancing with excitement, "and I should like nothing better. Gad, 'twould be an exploit indeed if we could succeed! They'd talk about it forever in the clubs."

"Thank you. I knew you would, and we will succeed or die, my friend," responded Grafton impetuously, without considering that the prospect of death could not be so inviting to his friend as it was to himself in case of failure. But Hatfield was game.

"Well," he said, stretching out his hand, "here's by hand on it. Success to our enterprise!"

"That's good," replied Grafton, immensely relieved. "I was sure I could depend upon you."

"Now tell me how you propose to get into the castle if she's there."

"I think she will surely be there. De Vitre is a thorough sailor. I'll say that for him, and a thorough gentleman, too. He picked out the fastest ship in the basin. You know the French build better ships than we do. He has probably driven her as hard as we have and he had several days' start of us. His orders take him to Brest, and 'tis most natural that he should take her to the Chateau de Josselin, which is her grandfather's castle. There is an oriel window in the keep tower overlooking the sea, and there is a practicable way of gaining the balcony surrounding it."

"Land ho!" came floating down from their heads.

"Where away?" cried Hatfield promptly.

"Broad off the weather bow, sir."

"That ought to be Ushant," remarked Grafton.

"Yes, and just where we thought it would be, off yonder."

"Hold on as we are, Hatfield. We will soon raise it from the deck. We must be making all of ten knots in this ripping breeze. Do you think she could stand the mainto'gallant sail?"

"Hardly," answered Hatfield, throwing a glance aloft. "Well, perhaps she might, but what would be the use of it, captain? We'll be there quickly enough, anyway."

"Perhaps you are right. But we ought to have seen some of Sir Edward's fleet before this. I don't understand it. Aloft, there!"

"Sir?"

"Do you see any sails to leeward?"

"No, sir."

"Or anywhere?"

"No, sir."

"Keep a bright lookout for them."

"Ay, ay, sir."

"He'd hardly be cruising so far off-shore as this, would he?" said Hatfield.

"You know when he blockades he does it closely. They say he's been holding Brest so tightly closed all summer that a bird could not fly in or out of the harbor without being noticed."

[To Be Continued.]

SAVING HIS NEGATIVES.

Camera Artist Wanted Them Kept Dry Even Though He Were to Be Drowned.

The man who made a big hole in the barn door for the old cat to come through and a smaller hole for the kitten must have had a kinsman in the Englishman who went fishing with Capt. Andrew Haggard in the Lake St. John country, and whose adventure is related in "Sporting Yarns."

The two men, with Indian guides, were about to shoot a terrible rapid in two canoes. Capt. Haggard, who could swim, had little fear. Chambers, his companion, who could not, expected certain death.

"What shall I do if we upset?" he called.

"Tie the camera under your chin," called back his companion. "It's hollow and will make a good life-preserver."

He was vastly amused to see Chambers adopt the suggestion, and hang the camera under his chin. A moment later, however, as they came into the most dangerous place, Chambers snatched it from his neck again, and placed it carefully right side up in the bottom of the canoe.

"What was the matter with the life-preserver?" asked Capt. Haggard, when they had safely descended.

"Why, I just happened to think," said Chambers, in all innocence, "that if we upset I should get the pictures wet. So I put it back in the boat."

Put the "Access on the Pronoun."

Two negro women boarded a Pennsylvania avenue car at Seventh street. One was a large, dark-skinned woman, flashily dressed; the other was a small, yellow woman, wearing a modest gown. The women were discussing a mutual friend, Mr. Jenks. The large woman spoke in loud tones and pronounced the name of the man as though it were spelled J-i-n-k-s. It was evident from the expression on the face of the smaller woman that she was annoyed by the loud talking and mispronunciation of her friend. Finally she protested:

"You speak of Mr. Jenks as though his name were spelled with an 'i' instead of an 'e'."

"Oh, yes," the large woman exclaimed. "I perceive you puts the access on the pronoun."—Washington Star.

THE REST YET.

SPECIAL CLOAK AND SKIRT SALE

—AT—

TWIN BROS.

Biggest Bargains now in Ladies', Misses' and

Children's Stylish Cloaks, Skirts,

Waists and also all Winter

Dry Goods, Etc.

Call in and See.

TWIN BROS.,

BIG DRY GOODS AND SHOE DEPT.

THROUGH A BREAK

OF PRIES THERE IS A FALL IN SOME LINES OF

CROCKERY

and we are able to offer some excellent goods at reduced prices. The lot consists of Cups and Saucers, Fruit Saucers, Oat Meal Bowls and plates at 10c each. We expect quick selling when it is known that these are the prices. Call and see them.

Queensware is a line of crockery that we take particular pride in keeping. And when you see our complete assortment of this handsome Crockery you will not wonder at our pride. Just step in some time and look it over. We won't say how low they are. Come and see.

SMITH & CHICK

OPPOSITE STREET CAR CENTER,
LEXINGTON, - KENTUCKY.

A Farm All Your Own!

There are at present exceptional opportunities for homeseekers in the Great Southwest and California.

Low-rate round-trip homeseekers' and one-way settlers' tickets, first and third Tuesdays each month, over the Santa Fe to Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Oklahoma and Texas.

Very low round-trip excursion rates to California in July and August.

Write and tell us where you think of going. We will send you land literature and information about good farm lands at low prices. Values in certain portions of the Southwest sure to advance. We will tell you about it.

Atchison,
Topeka &
Santa Fe
Railway

Santa Fe

General
Passenger
Office
Chicago

PORCELA

THE ONLY PREPARATION MADE
EXCLUSIVELY FOR CLEANING

ENAMELED IRON BATH TUBS

AND OTHER

ENAMELED WARE,

ALSO ALL

PORCELAIN WARE.

Do not clean your Enamelled Bath Tub, Wash Bowl, Sink or Porcelain Ware with gritty abrasive substances, as these will positively ruin the enamel in a short time. This is a fact. Ask your plumber or any dealer in plumbers' supplies about it.

PORCELA is positively guaranteed to remove all dirt, grease, rust or other stains (unless same is caused by faulty or damaged enamel) without the slightest tendency to injure the enamel.

J. J. CONNELLY, Plumber.

TELEPHONE 180.

Call on Mrs. Buck,

Successor to Mrs. Keith McOlintock,
For Pure Hygienic Toilet Requisites,
THE FRANCO-AMERICAN.

Give her your X-mas. order before Dec. 1.

Scalp and Skin Food.

The "Clay Scalp and Skin Food" will be found on sale at W. T. Brook's Drug Store. The manufacture of these remedies are directed by Dr. E. Lafont Stone 11033mo

H. F. Hillenmeyer & Sons,
Blue Grass Nurseries,
Lexington, Ky.

Offer for the Fall of 1904 a full stock of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Grape Vines, Asparagus, Small Fruits, Shrubs and everything for the orchard, lawn and garden. Descriptive catalogue on application.

SPEND

A Merry Christmas

WITH THE OLD FOLKS.

LOW RATES

VIA

Big Four Route

On December 24th, 25th, 26th and 31st, 1904, also January 1st and 2nd, 1905, tickets will be on sale between all local points on the Big Four Route, Cincinnati Northern R. R. and D. & U. R. R.; also to all points on connecting lines in Central Passenger Association territory.

Tickets will be good for return to and including January, 1905.

For full information and particulars as to rates, tickets, limits, etc., call on Agents "Big Four Route," or address the undersigned.

WARREN J. LYNCH, Gen'l P. & T. Agt., Cincinnati, Ohio.

J. E. REEVES, Gen'l Southern Agt.

Blue Grass Traction Company.

Cars leave Lexington for Paris every hour from 6 a. m. to 9 p. m., except 11 a. m., 1 and 8 p. m. Leave Paris for Lexington every hour from 7 a. m. to 10 p. m., except 12, noon, 2 and 9 p. m.

Leave Lexington for Georgetown every hour from 7 a. m. to 11 p. m., except 11 a. m., 1 and 8 p. m. Leave Georgetown for Lexington every hour from 6 a. m. to 10 p. m., except 10 a. m., 12 noon, 7 and 9 p. m.

Car 14, carrying freight express and trucks, leaves Lexington for Georgetown at 3:50 p. m. Leaves Georgetown at 10 a. m. Leaves Lexington for Paris at 11:35 a. m. Leave Paris at 1:45 p. m.

Freight rates, also special rates for excursions, for supper and theatre parties, and for school, business and family tickets can be had on application at the company's office 404 West Main street, Lexington, Kentucky. B. T. Phone 610, Home Phone 1274. Y. ALEXANDER, President.